

Regiment; I have seene it approved, how many times
I know not, but to make the number more, I have
Great hope in this. I will betweene the passages of
This project, come in with my applyance: Let us
Put it in execution; and hasten the successe, which doubt not
Will bring forth comfort. *Florish. Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scena 1. Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hipolita, attendants.

Thes. Now let'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: Let the Temples
Burne bright with sacred fires, and the Altars
In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense
To those above us: Let no due be wanting,
Florish of Cornets.

They have a noble worke in hand, will honour
The very powers that love'em.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong harted Enemies
You royall German foes, that this day come
To blow that nearenesse out that flames betweene ye;
Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like
Before the holy Altars of your helpers
(The all feard gods) bow downe your stubborne bodies,
Your ire is more than mortall; So your helpe be,
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iustice,
Ile leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Per. Honour crowne the worthiest.

Exit Theseus, and his traine.

Pal. The glasse is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: Thinke you but thus,
That were there ought in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this businesse, wer't one eye
Against another: Arme oppress by Arme:

I would destroy th'offender, Coz, I would
Though parcell of my selfe: Then from th
How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour

To push your name, your auncient love, ou
Out of my memory; and i'th selfe same pla
To seate something I would confound: So
The sayles, that must these vessells port eve
The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

Pal. You speake well;

Before I turne, Let me embrace thee Coz
This I shall never doe agen.

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why let it be so: Farewell Coz.

Exeunt Palamon

Arc. Farewell Sir;

Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrific
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in
Expells the seedes of feare, and th'apprehen
Which still is farther off it, Goe with me
Before the god of our profession: There
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and
The breath of Tigers, yea the fearcenesse to
Yea the speed also, to goe on, I meane:
Else wish we to be Snayles; you know n
Must be drag'd out of blood, force and gr
Must put my Garland on, where she sticke
The Queene of Flowers: our intercession
Must be to him that makes the Campe, a C
Brynd with the blood of men: give me y
And bend your spirits towards him.
Thou mighty one, that with thy power h
Greene Neptune into purple.
Comets prewarne, whose havock in vaste
Vnearthed skulls proclaime, whose breath
The teeming Ceres soyzon, w't o dost pluc
With hand armynypotent from forth ble
The masond Turrets, that both mak' it, an